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## SOCIETY AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY

### CHAPMAN LODGE NO. 2, A. F. & A. M.

Regular communication first and third Thursdays in each month. Visiting brothers cordially invited. Geo. H. Kinkel, W. M., Chas. H. Sporleder, Secretary.

### LAS VEGAS COMMANDERY NO. 2, Knights Templar.

Regular convocation second Tuesday in each month at Masonic Temple, 7:30 p. m. John S. Clark, W. C., Charles Tamm, Recorder.

### LAS VEGAS CHAPTER NO. 2, R. O. T. M.

Arch Masons. Regular convocation first Monday in each month at Masonic Temple, 7:30 p. m. M. R. Williams, H. P., Chas. H. Sporleder, Secretary.

### EL DORADO LODGE NO. 1

Knights of Pythias meet every Monday evening in Castle Hall. Visiting Knights are cordially invited. I. P. Havens, Chancellor, Commander. C. M. Bernhardt, Keeper of Record and Seal.

### BALBY LODGE, NO. 77, FRATERNAL UNION OF AMERICA

Meets first and third Wednesday of each month at Fraternal Brotherhood hall, Chas. Trumbley, F. M.; Bertha C. Thornhill, Secretary. Visiting members cordially invited.

### MEBEKAH LODGE, I. O. O. F.

Meets second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month at the I. O. O. F. hall. Miss Bertha Becker, N. G.; Mrs. Della Pepard, V. G.; Mrs. J. F. Dalley, Secretary; Adeline Smith, Treasurer.

### S. P. O. E. MEETS SECOND AND FOURTH TUESDAY EVENINGS

each month at O. R. C. hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. W. M. Lewis, exalted ruler; D. W. Condon, secretary.

### EASTERN STAR, REGULAR COMMUNICATION

second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month. All visiting brothers and sisters are cordially invited. Mrs. Sarah A. Chaffin, worthy matron; Mrs. Ida Seelinger, secretary.

### L. O. O. F., LAS VEGAS LODGE NO. 4

meets every Monday evening at their hall in Sixth street. All visiting brethren cordially invited to attend. C. W. McAllister, N. G.; Ed Comstock, V. G.; R. O. Williams, secretary; W. E. Critch, treasurer; C. V. Hedgecock, cemetery trustee.

### FRATERNAL BROTHERHOOD, NO. 102

meets every Friday night at their hall in the Schmidt building west of Fountain Square, at eight o'clock. Visiting members are cordially welcome. Jas. N. Cook, president; Jas. R. Lowe, secretary.

### KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS, COUNCIL NO. 804

meets second and fourth Thursday, O. R. C. hall, Pioneer bldg. Visiting members are cordially invited. W. R. Tipton, G. K.; E. P. Mackel, F. S.

### S. P. O. E. MEETS FIRST AND THIRD TUESDAY EVENINGS

each month, at Fraternal Brotherhood Hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. Jno Thornhill, president; E. C. Ward, Secretary.

### WEDMEN MEET IN FRATERNAL BROTHERHOOD HALL

every second and fourth Thursday, sleep at the eighth run. Visiting brothers always welcome to the wigwag. David Flint, sachem; Walte H. Davis, chief of records and collector of wampum.

### E. E. ROSENWALD Lodge No. 545, I. O. B. B.

Meets every first Wednesday of the month in the vestry room of Temple Montefiore, Douglas avenue and Ninth street. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. Chas Greenclay, president; Rabbi J. S. Katsin, secretary.

### PHYSICIANS.

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### ATTORNEYS.

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## KING PICKS BRIDE FOR DUKE D'ABRUZZI

Rome, Aug. 17.—The Duke d'Abruzzi will never marry Miss Katherine Elkins, the American girl to whom he was reported engaged. This fact may be stated positively, if court reports are to be believed. Plans are already under way for the uniting of two of the royal houses of Europe by marriage and the duke will be a party to this coalition. Plans have gone forward under the personal supervision of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy for the marriage of the duke to a princess of the royal house of Russia.

It developed today in court circles that the royal match not only has the sanction of King Victor, but that he virtually promoted the match. The details will be arranged when the king and czar meet on the latter's coming visit.

A court attaché has given out the information that the duke has been recalled from India, where he has been exploring in the Himalayas, and may help welcome the czar of Russia when the latter comes to visit the king of Italy.

Cablegrams bear out this assertion. Even now, according to information from the Orient, the duke is hastening to Bombay, where he will take a steamer for Italy.

Court circles are surprised at the king's insistence that the duke shall ally himself with the Russian royal house. It had been generally supposed that King Victor was not directly opposed to the Abruzzi-Elkins match.

Friends of the duke are said to be very much pleased at the proposed matrimonial alliance, even aside from the interest displayed in it by the king.

An Italian woman of title, a member of a very old Italian family, who has the ear of the king in such affairs, declares that the plans for the marriage have been going forward for some time. The czar is also said to look with high favor on the match as one means of strengthening Italy's friendship with that nation.

Miss Elkins and her mother are at a summer resort in Hesse.

### PILES! PILES! PILES!

Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared for Piles and Itching of the private parts. Sold by druggists, mail 50c and \$1.00. Williams' Mfg. Co., Props., Cleveland O. For sale by Center Block Drug Co.

It's simply wonderful the way it increases a baby's yelling power for it to belong to somebody else.

## APPEALS FOR MONEY BRING QUICK RESULTS

The appeals made through the columns of The Optic for money to aid Capt. Willson, the Salvation army officer and his wife, who are in dire need as a result of the protracted illness of the captain, have been generously responded to by a charitable public, and it is believed that within another day or so, sufficient funds will be raised to accomplish the desired object, that of securing the removal of Capt. Willson and his wife to Fort Collins, Colo., where the altitude is lower, and where, local physicians say, the change of climate may save the stricken man's life, if not aid in his ultimate recovery.

Speaking of the voluntary subscriptions made to aid the needy couple, a well known charitable worker stated to an Optic representative today that the prompt action on the part of local citizens and business men was indeed commendable. Those who have subscribed should feel repaid by the fact that Capt. Willson and his wife are deeply thankful for the aid extended and will never forget to sing the praises of Las Vegas and its people wherever they may go.

Those personal effects of the captain which he is advertising for sale, have been placed in Murphy's drug store, where anyone desirous of buying all or a part of them, may look at the articles. The management of the drug store generously donated the use of one of the show windows for the display of these articles.

Rev. Van Valkenburgh or A. H. Harris are ready at all time to call for donations or receive the same. They can be seen in person or reached by telephone.

## SON OF SHERIFF IS ARRESTED FOR BANDIT

Trinidad, Colo., Aug. 17.—Charged with being members of the gang of bandits which attempted to steal \$18,000, the payroll of the Victor-American Fuel company, while it was being taken from this city to Grey creek last Saturday, Squeek Kreeger, a son of Undersheriff Louis Kreeger, of this county, and Charles Arelano, were placed under arrest here yesterday.

Kreeger was taken at his home at 3 o'clock yesterday morning, and Arelano was arrested later in the day. Both are believed to have conspired with Leandro Martinez, who was captured shortly after the fight between the guard and the bandits.

The sheriff's deputies are shadowing others who are believed to have been concerned in the plot to get the money. The outcome of the affair is expected to rid this section of one of the boldest and most desperate gangs of road agents that has ever operated in the southwest.

Kreeger, with Martinez, is now awaiting trial on the charge of having made a murderous assault upon Night Captain Wilkerson of the local police force.

Rafael Martinez, one of the guards who was shot from his horse by the robbers, is improving at a local hospital.

### CHILDREN WHO ARE SICKLY.

Mothers who value their own comfort and the welfare of their children should never be without a box of Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, for use throughout the season. They break up colds, cure feverishness, constipation, teething disorders, headache and stomach troubles. These powders never fail. Sold by all drug stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. A trial package will be sent free to any mother who will address Allen S. Olmstead, Le Roy, N. Y.

The reason a woman can believe scandal about other people is she doesn't see how they can believe it about her.

### Baby Morphine Fiends

are made by all soothing syrups and baby medicines that contain opium and narcotics. McOee's Baby Elixer contains no injurious or narcotic drugs of any kind. A sure and safe cure for disordered stomachs, bowels and fretfulness—splendid for teething infants. Sold by Center Block Depot Drug Co.

Some men are so unlucky in money matters that if they married a rich wife they would have to support her.

No matter how long you have suffered, Foley's Kidney Remedy will help you. Mrs. S. L. Bowen, of Wayne, Va., writes: "I was a sufferer from kidney disease, so that at times I could not get out of bed, and when I did, I could not stand straight. I took Foley's Kidney Remedy. One dollar bottle and part of the second cured me entirely. It will cure you. O. G. Schaefer and Red Cross Drug Co."

The Optic lends; others tag.

## COMFORT AROUSES DECENCY.

Lesson in Human Nature That Was Taught by the First Sleeping Car.

Sound business was back of the introduction of the seemingly extravagant Pullman car about 50 years ago. The first sleeper, the "Pioneer," caused a tremendous sensation, says C. F. Carter, in his book, "When Railroads Were New." All agreed that traveling in such cars would be delightful, but the verdict was equally unanimous that they were a commercial impossibility. Why, men would go to bed with their muddy boots on; they would spit on the carpets and upholstery; they would mar the beautifully finished cabinet-work, and—oh, well, it could not be done.

Railroad men and personal friends redoubled their efforts to dissuade Mr. Pullman from inviting ruin. To all these objections he made one comprehensive answer, which he had occasion to repeat many times in the course of his life:

"I have always held that people are very greatly influenced by physical surroundings. Take the roughest man whose lines have always brought him into the coarsest and poorest surroundings, and bring him into a room elegantly carpeted and furnished, and the effect on his bearing is pronounced and immediate."

"I am not with all afraid people will go to bed with their boots on. I am convinced that if I devote all my energies to providing handsome cars, the financial returns will take care of themselves."

The sequel has shown pretty clearly that he was right.—Youth's Companion.

## LITERATURE IN FORGE ROOM.

Commissioner of Education Finds a Blacksmith Who Read Virgil in Odd Moments.

An interesting sidelight on the kind of men who attend the classes of the city evening technical schools was given by a commissioner of the New York board of education, in a recent address to young men.

"I visited the forge room," said he, "where a class of 25 young blacksmiths were shaping and welding various models of iron bars and iron blades. It was an inspiring scene. No man, however indolent or indifferent to the world's work, could have looked on without having his ambitions revived. The glowing metal yielded to the hammer blows of these youthful artisans, because interest in their work and a desire to become producers directed their bare and brawny arms. I walked about unnoticed. They felt no interest in commissioners of education. At one of the anvils I noticed a particularly fine, well-built young fellow. He was wholly absorbed in his work, so when I picked up the book he had partly hidden under his cap on his tool bench it did not attract his attention. What book do you think it was? Oh, no, not a treatise on tool work in iron, that would have been fine. It was something even finer than that. The book was a copy of Virgil's 'Aeneid' and the margin notes on its pages showed that he was as ambitious to acquire a taste for good literature as for the possession of technical skill."

### Iron Used in Earliest Times.

How long has the human race had iron? It is impossible to be precise in the matter. All that we know is that iron has been known to men for a very long time. In the time of the Assyrians it was extensively used, iron saws, knives and other tools having been found by Layard at Nineveh. Homer refers to the forging of iron, while the hardening and tempering of steel appear to have been operations in common use among the early Greeks. The employment of a kind of bellows for the forging of tools, presumably of iron, figures in Egyptian sculpture of 1500 B. C. Cast iron appears to have been discovered about 350 B. C. Through the agency of the Romans the manufacture of iron was introduced all over the then known world and into those regions where it had not been previously known.

### Care of Food in Summer.

In some states the law requires dealers in foods eaten without peeling or cooking to keep them under glass covers. The same care should be taken to keep the covers on the sugar bowls and over the jelly glasses and all kinds of home prepared food. Children and even adults are prone to forget and leave the covers off, especially in the country. Each dish should have a fitted cover and whenever this becomes broken or defective as a dust and insect excluder it should be discarded. When cooling any dessert or other dish which is to be eaten cold, a clean meal sieve turned over it and a couple of thicknesses of cheesecloth put over that makes a very serviceable dust and insect protector.—The Housekeeper.

### Samson's Cure.

A kindly old gentleman was telling some lads the story of Samson. "He was strong," said the speaker in summing up, "became weak and again gained his strength, which enabled him to destroy his enemies. Now, boys, if I had an enemy what would you advise me to do?"

A little boy considered the secret of that great ancient's strength, and his hand went up.

"Get a bottle of hair restorer," he exclaimed.

## THE PROXY

By STELLA McALLISTER SLACK

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The door of the architect's sitting-room opened abruptly. Freddy entered and heaved a mighty sigh.

Russell, whose suite of rooms adjoined Freddy Lord's, was sitting at a big desk-table, in shirt sleeves, pipe up to his teeth, green shade over his eyes, poring over the design for a music hall or a lunatic asylum—it looked like either.

"Well, old man," he said cheerfully, without looking up, "back so soon? How did you hit it off?"

Receiving no reply, he raised his head to see his friend huddled in a chair, chin sunk on breast, the picture of abject misery.

"Good heavens, man!" he ejaculated, right-line pen suspended above the drawing board, "she refused you!" "No, she didn't!" retorted Freddy. "Russell rose to his feet."

"She accepted him! An engaged man with that face on him! This is bliss, what could be blisser?" he said. "I'm not an engaged man!" snapped Freddy.

"Not engaged, and not refused. Well, would you mind telling me what you are, then?"

"What am I?" repeated Freddy. "I'm a do-it, a craven, a—a—jackass!" Russell resumed his seat, looking relieved.

"Oh, I see," he said, "you flunked—I thought you would."

"Confound you, Tom Russell, what do you mean by that?" demanded Lord, angrily.

"Well, you see, old man, you started out with a too self-confident air."

"Well, try it yourself once."

"Not I. I wouldn't do that for pay! Still, if I was going to propose to a girl, I should not depend on an inspiration. I should decide beforehand what I wanted to say, and then say it," remarked Russell, calmly.

"Suffering saints!" said Freddy, pacing about the room, "why didn't you unload all this advice before I went and made an ass of myself? Now, old fellow, tell me straight, if you were going to propose to a girl, what would you say to her?" he asked, lighting a cigarette.

"Say? Oh, that's dead easy. I'd say: 'Now, see here—what's her name?'"

"Mary Alice," replied Freddy, a little sheepishly.

"Well, I should say: 'Now, see here, Mary Alice, of course I don't pretend to have a line on your feelings, and I'm not a descendant of Croesus, nor yet of old Midas, but how would you like to share my check book?' Now, that would fetch her, wouldn't it?" he finished triumphantly.

"Fetch Mary Alice? Gad, but you're innocent! Fetch Mary Alice with that! Why, she'd say: 'Down, Bruno, down on your knees and beg for it!' and down you'd go, too!"

"Fudge!" responded Russell.

"I tell you, man, girls have to be made love to, and—well, I thought I could do it; but every time I swung the conversation around that way, she would turn those big eyes on me, and my heart just did things. I didn't know whether I was whitewashing a ton of coal or rolling a peanut down hill backwards."

"Well, you can laugh," stormed Lord, rising and casting his cigarette from him. "Jerusalem!" he went on, "at college, they teach a man everything but the one thing he ought to know."

"I suppose you wouldn't propose by letter?" Russell interrogated, after a time.

"No, I wouldn't. That's the last resort of a coward, growled Freddy.

"You couldn't manage it over the 'phone?"

"Over the 'phone! You must be daffy!"

"Then—" Russell commenced, and a long pause followed. After a time, he announced triumphantly: "Then I have an idea!"

"I don't believe it!" Freddy flung at him politely.

"Well, you don't have to. Anyway, you said girls wanted a lot of love-making business?"

"I should think yes! Jove, Tom, they like it as a kitten loves a warm brick in the winter time," informed Freddy.

"And you can't say the words to her face?"

"No, I can't."

Russell looked his suffering chum over critically.

"Well, Miss McAllden has a phonograph, has she not?"

"Yes; but what of it?"

"Now," said Russell, "if you are serious about this proposal, you do exactly as I tell you, follow all my instructions, and to-morrow night at this time you will be an engaged man!"

Freddy gasped. "Are—aren't we taking quite a lot for granted?" he asked.

"Not a bit of it—it's a sure go. Here it is in a nutshell: propose by phonograph."

"But—but how?"

"How? Have I got to tell you how?"

"Yes, confound it, you have. Why, I never heard of such a thing!"

"Never heard of such a thing? Of course, you haven't! That's a brain snap new idea all my own, and I'm going to have it patented. But, see here, we've got to hurry up. What time is it? Ten-thirty. Well, you hustle around the corner as fast as you can and get some records."

"Records?" echoed Freddy.

"Yes, records. Blankety blank records—and you make tracks, too!"

Freddy seized his hat and made a dive for the door.

"Get a dozen records!" yelled Russell after the departing man: "you'll need every one of 'em!"

In ten minutes Lord was back again, breathless and enthusiastic.

In less than no time a blank record was in place, and Russell stood, ready to set it in motion.

"All ready, old man," he said; "stand up near and smile at the lady—now begin."

Suddenly all Freddy's eagerness, enthusiasm and self-confidence forsook him. His jaw dropped and he gazed at his friend helplessly.

"Good heavens, Tom!" he cried, blankly, "what shall I say?"

"Say? Well, I'll be hamstrung! Have I got to propose for you?"

Freddy flew mad.

"No, you haven't," he rapped out; "and if you'll just leave me to myself a few minutes I'll do my own proposing!"

Left alone, young Lord approached the phonograph with a return of all his self-confidence. He reached for the lever and opened his mouth. It stayed open.

"Jehosophat!" he exclaimed, at last. His cuffs came ripping off. Then he lighted a cigar and, flopping down in a chair, gave himself up to meditation.

An hour later the door of Russell's sitting room opened and Freddy entered, subdued and chastened in spirit.

Tom was again at his drawing-board.

"How many of those records did you spoil?" he demanded.

Lord sank dejectedly into a chair. "Ten!" he answered faintly.

Russell snorted.

"That tenth record was a peach," continued Freddy, disconsolately. "I was getting on fine with it, when the thing went wrong somehow, and—and I swore at it! Then I gave it up."

"I could have told you at the very first that you'd have to write it out and read it into the machine," comforted Tom.

Freddy seized a pencil and drew the tablet toward him. He chewed the lead a moment and then flung the pencil down.

"Oh, come, now," he said, stubbornly. "I can't write things—never wrote a letter in my life, not even to my mother. Always sent telegrams, don't you know?"

"It's taken a long time to reach the point, but I knew it would come to this," said Russell desperately. Then he commenced writing.

He covered several pages with the bold, angular writing of a draughtsman and tossed them across to Freddy.

The young man read it through carefully, with knitted brows, then raised his head.

"It sounds wooden!" he complained. Russell stared a moment.

"It's that or nothing," he remarked curtly.

"Well, you don't need to be nasty about it," said Freddy, looking hurt.

The following afternoon Frederick Lord presented himself at the home of Miss McAllden at five o'clock, the blood pounding in his ears and his heart doing stunts inside him.

He had previously sent the precious record by messenger, with a note stating that he was sending her a new Shubert record, never heard in public, and requesting her to gratify a whim of his by going to the music room alone and listening to the record quite by herself. He would call at five o'clock to ask her opinion of it.

The maid ushered him into the library, where he found a slender, dark-eyed girl curled up in a big easy chair, gazing dreamingly into the open fire.

She rose quickly as he came toward her, and waited, looking very shy and adorable, until he reached her side.

They looked at each other a moment.

"Did—you mean it, you bold man?" she whispered, coyly, after a time.

Freddy's head commenced to swell. "Mean it!" he repeated proudly.